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Youth Marches

BY DANIEL A. POLING

OVER the world youth marches. During a period of more than eighteen months spent in other lands than my own, everywhere I have found nationalism a rising tide. And everywhere I have found youth with the colors, following the trumpets. Now, I believe in patriotism and in a patriotism that begins at home. I am suspicious of an internationalism that is not loyal first of all to home institutions and home obligations. But while patriotism begins at home, it does not end there; and Edith Cavell was right: "Patriotism is not enough."

What then of marching youth? Let us follow their banners; let us catch, if we may, the significance of their marching; see clearly the inevitable destination of these young people and find, if we can, the tragedy that awaits us all if their course be not changed.

One Sunday morning I saw the streets of Berlin crowded with boys in khaki. They moved with military precision, they carried flags and sang the songs of Hitler. On that same Sunday afternoon two hundred and fifty thousand young Russians crowded out upon the Red Square in Moscow. A little later in Turin, on the plains of Piedmont, in the shadow of the Alps, I saw lads of eight in black shirts carrying little wooden guns and cheering for Mussolini. I watched Czechoslovakian lads throw a military pontoon bridge across the Danube at a point less than ten kilometers from one of the most fateful "corners" of Europe—where met the frontiers of Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary. They were eager, handsome fellows from high school and college that I saw that day and they cheered as they worked.

Three weeks later in Cairo I listened to a group of Christian young people discuss Egyptian independence —and that discussion was not a meeting for peace! On to Jerusalem I traveled and in the Holy City itself I found Arabs and Jews with difficulty restraining the more impetuous youthful members of their unmistakably hostile groups. The young Jew said, with kindling

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fervor: "On to Trans-Jordan! Certainly the River is not our *ancient* frontier." And the young Arab replied, "Come and die!" In Syria the desert tribes remember Damascus and wait with stoical determination beyond the horizon. So ominous is their threat that a mighty power keeps eighty thousand soldiers trained and ready.

NO MEETINGS FOR PEACE!

I reached northern India just as the riots opened between Hindus and Mohammedans over particulars of the new reform bill passed by the British Parliament. Young men and young women picketed shops of rival faiths; they engaged in physical violence to advance the interests of their particular nationalistic programs. It is my opinion that for the present hour of uncertainty at least, and until the bill itself is more fully understood, or until its provisions have been applied and found satisfactory, only the presence of Great Britain saves India from a colossal, bloody catastrophe. I have faced these dark-eyed Indian youths from the college and university; and let there be no mistaking their purpose—they are on the move, they march to achieve a nation. At the moment age-old superstitions of religion divide them, set them against each other; but in their hearts is the determination of a common destiny.

The most impressive of all these youthful marchers were the young Chinese. I saw them first in southern China, then in the cities of the China coast, then in central China, and at last in Peiping, where the tragedy of dismemberment against which they marched was being enacted. The businessmen of China are divided; the politicians and soldiers are divided, and often intriguing against each other; educators and religionists of all faiths may be uncertain, while the mighty human mass is uninformed and unaroused; but the student youth of China, from Canton to the Great Wall and from Shanghai to Tibet, is of one mind and one consuming passion. I saw these devotees—for they must be thus classified—moving through the age-old "Forbidden City." Ominously quiet they were and there was an unbelievable absence of violence in both shout and gesture. But they marched! In spite of official decrees and faculty orders, they marched. In spite of closed city gates, they marched. In spite of the hacking broadswords of police who were fear-inspired by a mighty power, they marched. All day they marched. Colleges and universities were closed. Still they marched, and they are marching still. An anxious foreign government grows more anxious. These students roused the sleeping giant once before—perhaps? But who is wise enough even to guess the end of this gathering thunder of youthful marching feet?

THE RISING TIDE OF NATIONALISM

I crossed then to Japan, lovelier than a painting, more gracious than words can describe—not military Japan, but the Japan of friendship and art. One night in Osaka I saw the modern avenues of this industrial giant of a city filled with cheering people accompanying the new naval levies as they marched with startling precision to entrain for the great base where they would presently be swallowed by the fleet. There were ten thousand lanterns and nearly as many brightly color banners, there were "banzais" and songs and arde farewells. I have seen nothing like it since 1918 New York, London and Paris. It left me almost in nausea of fear—or was it a premonition?

Down to Manila I sailed, and arrived just in time listen to the debate on President Quezon's program f national defense, which includes universal milita training and conscription. By automobile, airplane a boat I traveled eighteen hundred miles in the Philippi Islands, in one week, and in every city and village saw boys marching and countermarching.

Yes, over the world youth marches and everywhe nationalism, supernationalism, is a rising tide.

Now, strangely enough, not once did I hear a stude speaker even remotely suggest that *his* associat marched *against* anyone. Always these youths march —or believed they did—to defend something dear than life itself. Even the youth of Italy were convinc that the gates of Rome were being held against a po sible invader by the campaign in Abyssinia. I found young armies of conquest. German youth believes th it moves to right wrongs, to vindicate "violated n tional honor."

Three conclusions emerge from the experiences these twelve months. For me they are vital to an u derstanding of the present world situation; vital to to an appreciation of the spirit and fate of youth.

PERSONALITIES, NOT PROGRAMS

First. These youthful marchers inevitably marc against one another. To meet on some frontier th need only continue marching as they march now. Wh they meet again the world goes mad. Already serio contacts have been made and on at least ten intern tional borders the situation is little short of deadl Even as you hear this, lads who were not born wh the Grand Duke was killed at Sarajevo are dying b cause of "incidents" as inadequate as that.

Second. Youth marches first at the call of personal ties rather than for programs. They seldom know seem to care what it is all about. They march for Hi ler. They march for Kemal. They march for Stali They march for Mussolini. They march for the Em peror. There are few exceptions to the rule. Over th world youth marches at the command of the Dictato the overwhelming personality who makes vocal the i sue and visual the program.

One afternoon I saw fifteen hundred Boy Scou standing in front of the simple house in which lives th present German leader. For hours they had been the watching the gate for the possible appearance of the idol; or watching the window, hoping that a mov ment of the curtains might at least indicate his presen there. In the faces of those lads were both admiratio and awe. Youth over the world marches at the call *persons* rather than for programs.

Third. Youth marches behind the trumpets of hard patriotism. Not a soft patriotism, not a patriotis of rewards and honors, but a Garibaldi patriotism, patriotism of sacrifice, of daring, of death. Whatev else may be said about these marchers, let this be said "Theirs is no dream of ease and peace." On a gre

banner of one Hitler youth encampment last summer appeared these words: "The highest duty of German youth is to die for the Fatherland." Now ordinary peace arguments, standardized peace literature showing the wastage of armed conflict and the horrors of battle do not meet this situation. There is no argument for war, and none is offered. Here we have been battling straw men. Herodotus (in 409 B.C.), the first of all war correspondents, cited these words which Croesus, king of Lydia, spoke to Cyrus, the Persian: "No man is so foolish as to desire war more than peace; for in peace sons bury their fathers, but in war fathers bury their sons."

One afternoon in Peiping I faced between seventy

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and eighty of the student leaders of north China. They were the most brilliant men and women of nine colleges and universities. One beautiful girl was the daughter of the former governor of the province, who was killed eight years before in fighting between the armies of the north and south. I had spoken briefly and now was trying to answer their eager questions. Almost immediately the major question of their lives appeared: *"For what will a man die?"* They told me frankly, and so quietly that I was almost deceived, that they would march the next day. There was no waving of arms, no oratory as in the Occident with us; they were calm, stoical, fatalistic about the matter—they were Orientals. But they were to me little short of terrifying. "Yes," they said, when I reminded them that practically they could do nothing, "We know that." "Yes," they agreed when I sought tactfully to support the college presidents and the governor by calling to their attention the danger to their institutions, which might be permanently closed, "yes, we feel this very strongly, and have kept our school and government authorities in ignorance of our further intentions so as not to implicate them in what is *our own* decision. We speak confidentially to you now." "But why march?" I queried. "You did that once—twice—a dozen times. Surely you need not do more now?" And they replied, "You do not know China. We must keep marching. We must wake up China. China needs martyrs. We are candidates for the position!"

MARCHING, STILL MARCHING

Finally a young man, perhaps twenty-five years of age, from the National University and a recognized leader of that group of leaders, stood and said: "Someone, perhaps many, must die for China. We invite the worst. We *will* march—now you know. Not even ————(and he mentioned the "forbidden" name) can afford to kill or to be responsible for killing thousands of boys and girls. China must resist." Then he said something that in one arrangement of words or another I have heard around the world.

He said this: "A man may assume responsibility for losing his life, but he must not deliberately surrender his soul." And in that was their answer to the fateful question, "For what will a man die?"

The next day, as I have told you, they marched—seven thousand five hundred of them. One hundred and twenty-three boys and girls, perhaps more, practically all of them under twenty years of age, were hacked into helplessness by the broadswords; but the rest, though bruised, battered, and again and again dispersed, were still marching when that sun went down. And now, months afterward, they march! Certainly the plans of two nations have been affected by these marches. The aggressive program of one has been definitely slowed down; the resistance of another has been definitely accelerated and stiffened. "Will the sleeping giant awake?" I do not know, but I do know that the student youth of China are united and *will* march. "Could China successfully 'resist'?" I do not know. It does not now seem possible. But when youth sees the invisible, the impossible sometimes disappears. Yes, it is the call of a hard patriotism that all the bugles blow over the world.

A HARD PATRIOTISM

I stood one afternoon before a student body of eight hundred young Filipinos, at Silliman University, Dumaguete. I was asked what I thought about compulsory military training in colleges and universities; what I thought about the Philippine "Defensive Act." The questions were both frank and embarrassing, but required an honest answer. I told those young people that I was against compulsory military training in high schools and colleges and told them why. And then I asked whether they imagined that the utmost preparedness the Philippines could make, even to the point of bankruptcy and beyond, would, by any stretch of the imagination, save them from the nation they feared. I asked them, too, whether that very preparedness might not invite the "incidents" and the disaster they sought to avoid. I got my answer. Directly in front of me a

young fellow stood up and said: "We can at least hold our self-respect; we can at least save our souls." He added: "A nation has a soul, a soul both to live and die for." Somehow, my sentences seemed thin when that boy sat down. Yes, they march for a hard patriotism.

PAYING THE PRICE OF PEACE

One evening six months ago, near the seat of a present national government in the East, twenty-nine men sat down to consider informally the "Price of Peace." There were Christians and non-Christians present, foreigners and Chinese, several educators, and two under-officials. It was pointed out that at the most the nation was not more than ten per cent the military equal of the nation threatening her. One man referred to the impressive opposition of Abyssinia as an example of what his country should do. Another quickly named the difference when he said: "To have a like situation here it would be necessary to reverse the frontiers, bring the high and forbidding plateau to the sea, and take the industrial cities of the coast to the far interior." The practical argument seemed to go entirely against those who advocated resistance to the point of force. But just before the informal vote was taken one of the Buddhists said: "You Christians should understand me when I say that for a nation as for an individual the time may come when to save the soul the body must be lost." The ballot stood twenty-seven to two for—resistance.

Yes, over the world youth marches; marches at the call of personalities; or for causes that have come alive in living martyrs; marches again at the call of a Garibaldi patriotism; and marches, marches inevitably, against other youth; marches for war and not for peace. I have followed the banners; I have caught at least something of the significance of the spectacle. I believe that I see clearly tragic destinations. Can the tragedy be yet averted? Can the course of the marchers be changed?

IT IS CHRIST OR CHAOS

What are we going to do about it? What can be done about it? Is there an alternative?

There is an alternative, and there is only one alternative. Jesus Christ is that alternative. He alone, when revealed and released, has personality and power attractive to youth beyond the personality and power of any human dictator. He wins over all the dictators. His program, above all other programs, presents to young men and young women the opportunity to invest life sacrificially and triumphantly. Christianity is hard, alluringly hard. It is harder than communism. It is harder, too, than fascism. And "Youth's Darling is Danger."

But those who march with Jesus Christ march never against one another. They meet with hostile purpose on no frontier, they move irresistibly with the tide of truth toward that final unity which was the purpose and prayer, and the very passion unto death of Jesus Christ.

Here, then, is the only hope for the peace and the supreme opportunity of the Christian church; for civilization's ultimatum is, "Christ or Chaos!"

'The Enemy's God Also

By Gilbert S. Cox

For I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merc ful, slow to anger and of great kindness and repente Thee of the evil. Jonah 4:2.

HUMANITY has always lived in a divided worl It has been separated by geography, langua and race. None of these ancient divisions caused ar great difficulties. Distance lent a kind of enchantmen Strange peoples in foreign lands furnished the bas of many an exciting story of adventure. The luxuri of spices, perfumes, gold, ivory, tapestries were trea ures of romantic value. Only when some predato sovereign decided to enhance his fame or enrich his en pire by the destruction and looting of his neighbor w there any occasion for conflict between peoples.

There is nothing evil or alarming in the fact these natural divisions and differences between me If the element of suspicion, fear and hate could be ke from bedeviling our relationships, these variations language and capacity would form the very basis an possibility of an enriched world culture. If the kin dom of God were to be immediately ushered in, eac of us would still belong to his own country, speak h own language and remain members of his own race.

CHAOS BEGINS WITH DIVISIONS

The harm begins when we regard any difference as mark of inferiority or a danger signal. Professor Ed ward A. Steiner of Grinnell College in a semihumo ous vein has said: "In the United States a tint is equiva lent to a taint, a crooked nose to a crooked characte and a peculiar slant of the eyes is taken as unmistak able evidence that the race so marked cannot se straight."

When, because of variations in language, race or na tion, ideas and ideals, we think of others as a menac to life and society, chaos begins. When we identify ou divisions with deity, we plunge the world into dark ness. If our enemies are also the enemies of God, ther is no limit to the cruelty released in the world. Whe religion confirms our prejudices and sanctifies our big otry, religion itself is one of the greatest enemies o society. Some of the most inhuman deeds of moder history are the records of the persecution and tortur of others for motives backed by religion. The histor of the controversies over the formation of our Chris tian creeds is almost unbelievable reading. Followin the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D. the so-calle heretics said that Christ was "of two natures," but de nied that he was "in two natures." For so fine a dis tinction one patriarch of Alexandria was murdered i his own church by followers of his rival. In retalia tion, in Constantinople the other party carried abou the head of a monk on a pole, crying, "See the head o the enemy of the Trinity." A secular historian of th time said: "The enmity of the Christians toward eac other surpassed the fury of savage beasts against man."

The story of the inquisition is another illustratio of the same possibility of perverting religion in the ver

name of Christ. This sin was not peculiar to the early church. Calvin had Servetus arrested, spoke of him as a "villainous cur" and uttered no protest when he was burned at the stake. Luther, who differed with Zwingli, said: "It is well Zwingli lies dead on the battlefield. Oh what a triumph is this, that they have perished! God indeed knows his business well." We might even remind ourselves that those Puritans, who came to America to look for freedom to worship, hanged four Quakers in Boston in the year 1660.

THE TRAGEDY OF JONAH

If all these and others could only have read the dramatic, majestic and searching sermon of the unknown prophet who gave us the book of Jonah! Jonah had the same idea, that his enemies were also the enemies of God. He remained obstinate to the end. But this great preacher was trying to say that God is not limited to Israel, but is the enemy's God also. He is not concerned with these human divisions—we are all his children. Aside from this one reason, Jonah had every right to feel as he did. Nineveh was the capital of a great, proud, pagan nation. The invasions of these people into Jonah's land had been disastrous and merciless. Those who were carried away captive never returned. Jonah was not afraid to preach doom to such a city; he was afraid God was gracious "and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness, and repentest Thee of the evil." If the people of Nineveh repented, God couldn't be true to his own nature and not spare a great city of "more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle."

It is little wonder that one of the greatest Old Testament scholars confessed that he could never read this book without weeping. Here is one of the profoundest spiritual revelations given to men. The teaching of Jesus or Paul did not change, but deepened and enriched it. Jesus taught us that God was our Father and that love to him and to our brothers was the greatest of all religious requirements. He found the possibilities of sonship in Romans, Samaritans, publicans and sinners. Paul was sure that in Christ there were no human walls which could shut us apart—neither national, racial, class nor sex. He returned a slave to his master with the request that, now that they were both Christians, the slave should be received as a brother.

A DIVIDED WORLD

We live in a divided world—terribly, tragically, almost hopelessly divided. We are forced, by our interdependence and our constant contacts, to be sensitive about those things which separate us. There is a more critical situation among the races than ever before because those of color are more aware of their own possibilities and of their unfavorable status. One-tenth of the world's population cannot occupy, in one form or another, nine-tenths of the earth without that control being challenged. There is a more aggravated conflict between the nations than ever before. Professor Hayes has well said: "The most emotional element in the life of today is nationalism." Within every nation the clash of the underprivileged with the overprivileged threatens the peace and security of society. There is no way to evade these divisions. There are signs on every hand that religion is being identified on each side of all these struggles. The Nation is "God." Those who criticize or oppose are blasphemers who deserve brutal persecution, imprisonment and death. Persons by the thousands today are refugees, men without a country. The horror of concentration camps adds new fear in all of Europe. By an act of the Supreme Court we make belief in God secondary to the demands of war.

One nation at the present moment is trying to create a new society based on blood in spite of the fact that there is no race of pure blood, that there are no people superior in all things. Unfortunately, Jesus and the prophets did not happen to belong to the Nordics.

Another nation is given over to the proposition that salvation belongs to one class, the workers, and that revolution and dictatorship are the only way toward democracy and peace.

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

What can we do about it? We cannot hope in our time to change our world in such measure as to resolve these tensions. Difficult and dangerous as it is, we must make our way. Eventually we hope and believe that reason and truth, fellowship and love will prevail. But this generation, even if we avoid another war, will probably never get a look into that promised land. But that does not mean that we despair. We need not take ship to Tarshish. We must remember that conflict is in the very nature and structure of our present day society. We can try to understand the causes of these frictions and help to remove them. But as long as each nation is in search of raw materials for its food, or factories, or farms we can expect to have serious disputes. As long as each nation is trying to sell goods it cannot use at home, to the advantage of its producers and investors, we will have serious tensions all over the earth. As long as the makers of machinery and the investors go into the backward countries, employ cheap labor and undercut the home manufacturers we will have labor difficulties. While private corporations doing business across national boundaries make and promote the sale of munitions of death, blockade the actions of peace conferences, and propagandize the people, we are doomed to war scares and fear of our neighbors. While millions have nothing to sell but their skill, and a few own or control the opportunities to labor, we may be sure of strikes, boycotts, pickets and all the rest of the sorry phenomena of industrial warfare.

Every international law, every racial agreement, every industrial adjustment may be one more step toward peace. But the basis of this peace is not mere human good will, pleasant intentions, or friendly gestures. These all break down in the final test. There is no "social cement" strong enough to hold back the wrath of men in emergencies. Ours is a time of the breakdown of the old and the coming to birth of the new. Those who identify God and the present order will fight to retain the framework of a society which gave them special privileges long after its usefulness and functions have ceased to exist. These lower values

of race, nation and class are given the supreme allegiance and are made of absolute value. But the loyalty to a gracious God who is merciful and kind, even to our enemies, might and should so mitigate our strife and humanize our struggle as to keep our world from falling into chaos.

KNOWING HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

If we could really believe that God wants little English children to have bread, we might not be so sensitive about the British anxiety for the freedom of the seas. For it is over this highway that food or its equivalent must be furnished three days of every four. If we lived as if God wanted the women and children of Shanghai and Bombay to have a real chance at food, shelter and life, we might change our attitudes toward high tariffs, national aspirations and racial ambitions. If the average American Christian could feel that God suffered in the rickets and tuberculosis of German children, brought on in part by our own participation in the blockade and our delay in making peace, we might soften our criticism of the almost insane extremes of the present day in that great country. If the average Christian employer could know the meager level of life of the American worker, his lack of hope in his ability to make the most meager preparation for sickness and old age, the mental strain of the speed-up and stretch-out process, the meaning of the pressure of newspapers, billboards, radios, salesmen urging the necessity of things and yet more things, which he could never have and enjoy, he might hesitate to hire gunmen or release the tear gas in time of labor conflicts. If the worker could know that between the pressure of banks for interest, investors for dividends, the state and nation for taxes and more taxes, he could the better understand much of the unreasonable hysteria displayed on so many occasions.

We must recognize the fact that nations have divergent interests and that the welfare of employer and employee are not identical. But if all of us could imagine the economic insecurity, the fear of the future, the mass pressure of a great impersonal society, there might come a new sympathy and tenderness in our world society. This seems quite impossible of accomplishment to most persons today. The last generation rejected the book of Jonah because it refused to believe that the whale really swallowed Jonah; that a person could live, in the manner described, for three days and survive the ordeal. That issue is now settled except in belated communities. But a much more serious doubt has risen to take its place: Can we really believe in such a God as the prophet presents and can we commit ourselves to praying for those who "despitefully use us," to forgiving those who sin against us? The answer in most quarters is an emphatic no.

SANCTITY OF HUMAN PERSONALITY

In the time of war we called a moratorium upon the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. Even those who are now convinced that war between nations can no longer accomplish any worthy end are not so sure about the way to meet the threat of the underprivileged for a larger share in the good things of life. What we might have done at the time of the World War is suggested by Professor Steiner when he said, describing a church service: "I expected, foolishly, I suppose—or have I a right to expect?—that a Christian minister would say in such a crisis, 'The war is upon us; it is not our own making and willing; we must help in healing the wounded, comfort the bereaved, provide abundantly for the men who bear the brunt of battle, and pray for the soon coming of peace.' That is exactly what I remember a Jewish rabbi saying in a similar crisis. . . . No wonder that when I heard the minister thrilling two front rows of young children by his war gladness, and twisting a Jewish prophet's peace message into a war sermon—no wonder that I left the church

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in agony; for I knew that 'his people were not my people and his God not my God.' "

What we might do now in this new crisis is fairly clear. There are sincere Christians who are conservative, liberal and radical. Each group will be in disagreement and conflict with the other. This conflict may eventually result in the use of violence by one or both sides. The minimum contribution religion should make would be the insistence that the one value above all others is God's concern for all persons. The motive of any change or resistance to change must be for the good of persons. The methods employed must not violate the sanctity of human personality.

This inspired word of the prophet has a most important personal implication for the religion of our times. There are many earnest persons in our churches who feel that our Christian faith is futile, irrelevant. They can see and feel the drive of the new movements of fascism and communism. They know the appeal and

fervor of nationalism. But religion seems so often a celebration of something which has been; it is like an eddy in the stream of life, something apart. But if once we caught the thrill of belonging to all men, of sharing all experiences of all peoples, of the surge of hope for a new world, religion could become a dominant reality, a compelling love, the comradeship with a God who is holy and loving.

THE SPIRIT OF BROTHERHOOD

This would make the virtues of humility, meekness and the hunger for righteousness, a living force in life. Greatness, in our modern society, is based upon pride of place, the dominance of force, the possession of wealth. Such a spirit violates the very nature of a citizen of the family of God. Such a religion would exalt the peacemaker and comfort the persecuted because he had a vivid sense of living with Christ. It would give a primary place to repentance, not as a form or a phrase, but as a daily sorrow for and turning from those attitudes and acts which in any way hindered the full and free development of every personality in the world, "even of these least, my brethren."

Christian brotherhood becomes a stirring experience. It has been expressed recently in these throbbing lines by Helen Miller Lehman:

> Thongs of sympathy
> So bind my brother's life to mine
> That when his days, devoid of freedom,
> Drag, leaden-weighted, in gray file
> Behind steel bars of justice,
> I, too, go prisoner along with him.
> When hunger wracks his body
> And I hear his weakened cry for food,
> My bread becomes a stone;
> My drink, a poisoned draught.
>
> A haunting fear possesses me;
> For when I see him thinly clad and cold,
> Though raiment now suffices me,
> I know, before the day is done,
> I shall go naked in the wind,
> And shiver with my brother in the gale.

This sense of human solidarity links itself to the transcendent purpose and power of God as revealed in Christ. Ralph Harlow's hymn entitled, "O Young and Fearless Prophet" gives a vivid reality to such a hope:

> O help us stand unswerving against war's bloody way
> Where hate and lust and falsehood hold back Christ's holy sway;
> Forbid false love of country, that blinds us to his call
> Who lifts above the nation the brotherhood of all.
>
> Create in us the splendor that dawns when hearts are kind,
> That knows not race nor station as boundaries of the mind;
> That learns to value beauty, in heart, or brain or soul,
> And longs to bind God's children into one perfect whole.

These are the sources and roots of the profoundest experiences and teachings of Jesus and the prophets. It is Isaiah in the temple crying: "Woe is me for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Or it is Jesus answering, "There is none good but God," or Paul asking, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death." Always under the condemnation of the righteousness of God, and forever living by the grace of a God who is "gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness and repentest Thee of the evil."

It is not strange that two of the greatest hymns of another day are coming back upon us with new meaning. Charles Wesley sings:

> Plenteous grace with Thee is found
> Grace to cover all my sin;
> Let the healing streams abound
> Make and keep me pure within.

Augustus Toplady gives immortal expression to the same hope:

> Could my tears forever flow
> Could my zeal no languor know,
> These for sin could not atone
> Thou must save and thou alone;
> In my hand no price I bring;
> Simply to thy cross I cling.

The message of the prophet comes like a new revelation from God in our time. It is a fundamental word both social and personal. Whether a broken and divided world can be healed without disaster is still an open question. But we believe there is one power available which might be the determining factor; that is, the all-embracing love of God. Whether in a world of strife we can "maintain the spiritual glow" of a personal religious experience, is most important. We believe that fellowship with a compassionate God can save us from hate, hypocrisy and bitterness, and can save us to love, joy and peace.

The Spiritual Union of Mankind

Eternal God, Father of all souls,
Grant unto us such clear vision of the sin of war
That we may earnestly seek that cooperation between nations
Which alone can make war impossible.

As man by his inventions has made the whole world
Into one neighborhood,
Grant that he may, by his cooperation, make the whole world
Into one brotherhood.

Help us to break down all race prejudice;
Stay the greed of those who profit by war, and
The ambitions of those who seek an imperialistic conquest
Drenched in blood.

Guide all statesmen to seek a just basis
For international action in the interests of peace.
Arouse in the whole body of the people an adventurous willingness,
As they sacrificed greatly for war,
So, also, for international good will,
To dare bravely, think wisely, decide resolutely,
And to achieve triumphantly.—Amen.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

On Being a Gentleman With God

By Charles F. Wishart

For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. I Peter 2:19.

FOR the purposes of my message this morning I could well wish that all of us had at least a little touch of the Greek. For there is a very lovely word in this text which has been most inadequately translated. The King James version calls it "thankworthy." The American revisers have done very little better by using the very stodgy and prosaic word "acceptable." As a matter of fact, the Greek word "charis" has no adequate English translation unless you use at least a dozen different synonyms. For this beautiful noun is like a precious jewel which sparkles from a score of facets. In different passages you will find it changing color, giving forth subtle shades of meaning, allied and yet different, all of them exquisite like a flower. Sweetness, charm, loveliness, grace—or gracefulness, kindness, good will, gentleness—all of these are implied in the word. And then, too, with devout recognition that we do not have these qualities of ourselves but that they come to us from God, the word shifts over to mean the spiritual gifts which God bestows upon us. The unbought gift of knowledge, of utterance, of capacity, of ability and courage is the "grace" which we receive from him. And then the coloring shifts and changes once more, to become gratitude, thankfulness, devotion and loving self-sacrifice.

This is the jewel sparkling from a score of facets which my text puts where? On the crown of a slave! It is a *servant* who can receive and manifest this "charis," this "grace." True, the writer uses a mild term for servant; a rare word indicating a household retainer rather than an abject slave. But the setting is grim enough. It is a text to those who "endure grief, suffering wrongfully." And that phrase calls up all the horrors of human slavery as we read about it in the Roman Empire. Such were the men who, by the gospel, were inheritors of this lovely word.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

As I have been searching about for some English equivalent to gather up at least a part of the meaning which we find here, I hit, at last, upon the term "gentleman." I do not know any English word which better expresses the substance of the matter. Curiously enough, the word "gentleman" does not occur in the New Testament, but here is the very essence of it. We have had some very artificial and snobbish ideas read into the word "gentleman" from time to time. That quaint old writer, Sire Thomas Smith, in his *Commonwealth* gives what was accepted in his time as the true definition of a gentleman: "Whosoever studieth at the university and professeth liberal science and can live without labor and beareth the charge and countenance of a gentleman, and in his own time is called such, shall be called so." The curious thing about it is that the greatest gentleman who ever lived, the Galilean lover of men, fails to meet this definition at every point. Jesus never studied at a university, never professed liberal science, could not live without labor, bore neither the charge nor the countenance of a gentleman, and in his own time was not called such. Yet, as a matter of fact, he has given us the true tests by which to define and discern that quality. Sir Philip Sidney, himself a fine illustration of his own definition, put it in one brief phrase: "High thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." Paul, another very perfect gentleman, writing to Timothy, chooses these words: "Blameless, vigilant, sober, and of good behavior." So that while the word itself is not used in the New Testament, the quality is described down to the most minute detail.

COURAGE IS SPIRITUAL

St. Peter cuts squarely across the social snobbery of his own time, and of ours, by making this quality not a matter of birth or of bank account or of university training or of the fit of one's clothes, but as a matter of character, pure and simple. And in this amazing text he says that that quality can be nourished and developed in the hovel of a slave. It can flourish in the face of poverty, squalor, suffering and injustice. For it depends not upon outer circumstances. It is nourished from within. Its force comes from the heart of God. Its stimulus is developed through fellowship with him. It is linked to the other great word of this text, "conscience toward God." The word is literally "seeing things together with God." It is most literally translated by the Latin word "conscience." It means that God and I have come to see together, that we have a common point of view, that I am aware of him; not only aware of him, but have a deep sense of responsibility toward him. All of this is wrapped up in that great phrase. A poor slave, whipped and scarred, lying lonely in his dungeon—even he might stand on his feet and be a gentleman if he had within his soul the consciousness of God, the sense of God's presence, and the motive of obligation toward him. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand," said Elijah, facing undaunted the wrath of a king who might crush him at a single blow.

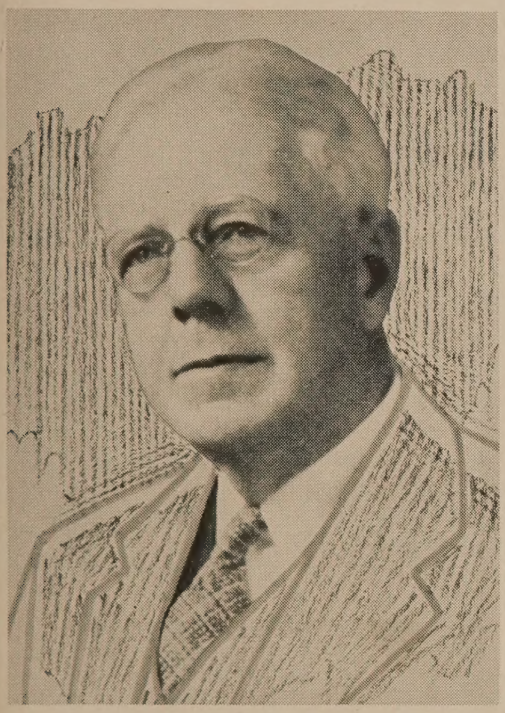
I somehow think there is more to what we call the courage of a gentleman than mere animal bravery, the bravery that is born of desperation, the bravery of a cornered rat. A gentleman's courage has in it a certain high spiritual quality, a lightness and grace, an ease and poise, indeed a certain fine gaiety in the face of hardship and danger. You recall how Cyrano de Bergerac in Rostand's play confronted his opponent for the duel:

> Lightly I toss my hat away,
> Languidly over my arm let fall
> The cloak that covers my bright array
> Then out swords and to work withal!
> A Launcelot, in his lady's hall,
> A Spartacus at the Hippodrome,
> I dally awhile with you, dear Jackal,
> Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home.

This man, grotesque of face, yet with romance in his heart, embodied what I am trying to get at, the thought

of high-minded gaiety with which a gentleman meets danger. A better illustration from the Christian point of view would be that from the learned and godly Bishop Latimer, when, with his friend Ridley, he was led to the stake at Oxford. Said he: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." He seized the flame as if he were embracing it, and died triumphantly. It is this thing I am trying to picture to you, this thing that St. Peter told these slaves they, too, should have; this high-minded, chivalrous, joyous, light-hearted courage in facing injustice, in "suffering wrongfully."

I sometimes think we grow soft. Cringing depend-



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ence takes the place of that high-minded courage which rejoices in the face of difficulties and dangers. Perhaps some of us who got our education in the school of hard knocks fail to make due allowance for the change in times and conditions. There is doubtless an element of truth in the recent thoughtful remark of a friend of mine who said, "The era of the self-made man is over." It is unquestionably true that in this age of mass production and organized industry it has become increasingly difficult for the individual to make his way. But there is grave danger that, swinging to the opposite extreme, we should come to feel that somehow life should hand us its gifts on a gilded platter, should furnish us with a Beauty-Rest mattress instead of an arena. Still must it remain true that:

> Life is not an idle ore,
> But iron, digged deep from central gloom,
> And heated hot in burning fears
> And dipped in baths of hissing tears
> And hammered by the stroke of doom
> To shape and use.

The thing that religion can do for us all, however, is just what Peter is talking about to these slaves. It can give us such a consciousness of God, such a sense of dependence upon him, such a sense of obligation to him, such a sense that his fulness flows around our incompleteness and his rest around our restlessness, that we face the hardships and even the tragedies of life as gentlemen ought to face them, gentlemen unafraid, not desperately, with brute courage, but lightly, gracefully, joyfully, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

HOW BECOME CONSCIOUS OF GOD?

Let us now look at the matter from another angle. You will say to me: "I could meet life in the spirit of a New Testament gentleman—or gentlewoman—if I had this assurance of God's presence which you speak about. But suppose one does not have it, or has but little of it. What then?" In answer to that, let me call to your attention the fact that these two words with which we have been dealing are absolutely interdependent—the word which I have translated as "grace" or "the spirit of a gentleman" on the one side, and the other word which we have translated as "conscience" or "the consciousness and sense of God" on the other. They are not only interdependent but they act and react upon each other. If you have the consciousness of God in the sense of this text, it will make a gentleman out of you. But, on the other hand, it is by the attitudes and approach of a gentleman that you gain the consciousness of God.

Says Professor William James: "Just as a man who in a company of gentlemen made no advances, asked a warrant for every concession, and believed no one's word without a proof, would cut himself off by such churlishness from all the social rewards that a more trusting spirit would earn, so here, one who should shut himself up in snarling logicality and try to make the gods extort his recognition willy-nilly, or not get it at all, might cut himself off forever from his only opportunity of making the gods' acquaintance."

In other words, a gentleman takes the fidelity of another gentleman for granted without demur and without question. If your friend invites you to dinner, you do not ask for a written guarantee that there is no poison in the soup. If he invites you to ride with him in the car, you do not require him to show you the driver's license. If you leave something valuable in his possession, you do not put him under bond to surrender it when you get back. A gentleman's agreement is a deeper and more binding and more vital thing than all the written documents in the world. It is said of Fox, the statesman, that he found it hard to pay his debts and was continually troubled by a crowd of creditors who haunted his door at all hours in the hope of collecting bills long overdue. A tradesman who happened to know that Fox had received some money, presented to him a bill and pleaded for its payment, stating that it was of long standing. He intimated, too, that Fox had money enough to pay it. "Ah," said the statesman, "I have certain debts of honor which I must pay with that money." He explained that he owed

much money to men who had no notes, no paper, nothing to show, and who were depending solely upon his honor, and said that a debt of honor must be a preferred debt. "Then," said the tradesman, "I will make mine a debt of honor," and he tore his bill and his note to pieces, and scattered them on the floor. The record does not indicate whether Fox paid it or not. The point I am illustrating is the grip and the vitality and the sanctity of a gentleman's attitude and agreement.

"A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT"

Now Professor James, in that celebrated passage, warns us that we must approach God on the basis of a *gentleman's agreement.* We must not ask him for written proofs or final demonstrations. For that matter, we do not ask the no-god view of life for final demonstrations. Why do we insist that theism should demonstrate its case but atheism need not do so? Nothing can be finally demonstrated in this world of relativity, and it is, after all, a gentleman's choice on the basis of the great weight of probabilities, but, above all, upon an intuitive faith that the universe is honest. We have really the same reason to trust God that we have to trust one another. We don't really see one another or know what is going on down in the depths of anybody's consciousness. All we see is a group of organisms which we call human bodies. Now, for the most part, and most of the time, these bodies are in what might be called an a-moral situation; at least a third of the life of the human body is spent in sleep. A good deal of the time is spent in eating and drinking and in the purely mechanical operations of glands and nerves and circulatory system. It is only once in a while, in any human organism, that we catch a glimpse of idealism, of love, of moral aspiration. Occasionally a fleeting word, just a glimpse, a lip half trembling, a suffused eye, a broken speech, a smile or a caress, show us that behind this apparently a-moral mechanism there is a living and loving soul.

So with the universe, only on a larger scale. It is an enormous organization which, like our own, acts as though it were controlled by intelligence. Most of the time its operations, however, seem to be on the a-moral plane, indifferent either to love or mercy or holiness. But just as in the human body, so here there come once and again glimpses of the higher vision. We talk about nature being a-moral, but we forget that nature produces mothers, that nature produces philanthropists, that nature produces loving fathers, that nature produces Saint Francis of Assisi and Kagawa and Dwight L. Moody—yes, and by a leap from these, that nature reveals to us Jesus. Judged upon this basis, we have just as much right to give a gentleman's confidence to the creator of the universe as we have to give it to the best of our fellow men.

If, on the other hand, you come to God and demand proofs and demonstrations on the level of the laboratory, it is not the gentleman's approach. That is what Professor James means, I think, by his term "snarling logicality." When we refuse to trust God on the same evidence by which we would readily trust a host or friend, then we are guilty of breaking the code which should prevail among gentlemen. When Huxley, for instance, declared that he would not believe in God or the hereafter except on the same kind of evidence which would make him believe the law of inverse squares in mathematics, he was breaking the code of a gentleman. When Tyndall proposed that one ward in a London hospital should be prayed for, and another should not be prayed for, and then they should make clinical tests as to whether prayer was any good or not, he was flinging an insult in the face of the Almighty, and no sensitive, high-minded gentleman could have proposed such a thing. It is, after all, the ethics of the little boy who said: "I'm not going to say my prayers tonight; and if nothing happens I'm not going to say 'em tomorrow night; and then, if nothing happens, I'm never going to say 'em."

No, we must get away from this *mucker* way of dealing with the Almighty. Far better the sportsmanship of Stevenson, the invalid, when he said: "I would believe in the ultimate decency of things, even though I woke in the midst of hell." We ought not require the Almighty to give us a bill of particulars for every future happening, or to guarantee us that we are to see our way through before we start in with him. We have with him a gentleman's agreement for salvation and for safe keeping and for everything that concerns us, and we ought to respond to that agreement by an implicit trust.

THE SCIENTISTS AND GOD

I think we are often misled by a mistaken idea of the so-called scientific method. On the purely physical plane it is true enough that this method means to take nothing for granted, to believe nothing without demonstration, and to maintain a healthy skepticism until such final demonstration has been made. But we forget that this is only the code of the scientist on the physical plane. When he acts on the personal plane, he uses a very different code, indeed. One scientist will trust another in a field of which he knows nothing. He will accept the results of a man whom he knows personally, in whose ability and honesty and thorough knowledge of his subject he has implicit confidence. That is, after all, the scientific method on the personal plane.

The trouble with Huxley and Tyndall, quoted a while ago, was that they wanted to apply the ethics of purely physical investigation on the personal and spiritual plane; Huxley, for instance, would have trusted a brother scientist without that kind of demonstration required by the mathematical law of inverse squares. But he would not trust God that way. On the other hand, some of the greatest of our modern scientists have recognized that Jesus, too, was to be trusted in his field; that he moved through the deep problems of religion with the ease of an expert and the finality of an authority. Just as one scientist, unacquainted in other fields, trusts the authority of his colleague, so these men have instinctively recognized in Jesus the final word about life and death and the hereafter.

A few years ago, in Lexington, Virginia, I stood, with uncovered head, before that beautiful recumbent statue of Robert E. Lee. Happily the time has come when Americans, north and south, can name that great

haracter as a common American heritage. I wonder vhat was the high moment of his life. Was it when, t Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, he hurled back normous Union armies, or when he contested, inch by nch, vastly superior forces through the bloody thickets f the Wilderness? Was it when, riding at the front f his men in a dangerous battle, the cry arose, "Gen- ral Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!" as his ragged soldiers, willing to die, themselves, tried to get heir idolized commander out of danger? Somehow I hink the high moment of his life was none of these, ut the time when, scornfully turning aside from a arge salary for the commercial exploitation of his ame, he accepted a starving salary and a fighting hance to rebuild a little college which had been wrecked by the war. The really great figure is *President* Robert E. Lee, heroically struggling against adversity on that little campus. And, mind you, there was plenty of post-war cynicism on that campus, too. He was dealing with young men embittered, hardened, disillusioned, yet President Lee had one formula with those young men: no rules, but the conduct of a gentleman. He took it as a matter of course that nobody would lie to him—and, so far as is known, nobody ever did.

Would to God we might still retain the fine flavor of that good old phrase, "The honor of a gentleman." Let us never forget that the present-day student code which says, "Thou shalt not tell on anybody else," had its origin in the chivalrous attitude of the Old South. But we have emasculated it, cut it in two. In its old form it was, "Thou shalt not tell on anybody else, because he will tell on himself." If anything went wrong, the guilty man came forward and confessed. It was part of the honor of a gentleman. We need to revive that code, not only in our attitudes toward each other, but in our attitudes toward God.

THE BASIS OF RELIGION—HONOR

They tell us of another great schoolman, Arnold of Rugby, who dealt with his boys on the simple basis of trust. It was his unvarying formula, when he had to question a boy about anything, to say, "On your honor?" And the boy would reply, "On my honor, sir," and no one was ever known to lie to Arnold of Rugby.

That is the basis of our religion. God cannot lie, and we can trust him. Recall the noble word of the writer to the Hebrews:

> God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath:
>
> That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us:
>
> Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.

Jesus was a gentleman, and we can trust him. It is true this trust did not preclude all the confirmation that physical demonstration should give. Jesus did show, by the miracle of the resurrection, that their trust was not misplaced. But he said to them: "Trust me first, and then, as you learn to take me on faith, I will more and more confirm that faith by such demonstrations as that even Thomas—poor skeptical Thomas—must believe."

I somehow think that Jesus is making that kind of appeal to us today. When his Disciples knew that he was going away, and did not know where or why—did not know, in fact, what it was all about, questioning, doubting, despairing—he said to them, "If it were not so I would have told you." It was as though Jesus had given them, as Livingstone said, the assurance of a gentleman. And as though they had said to him, "On your honor, sir?", and he had replied, "On my honor."

> I know not what the future hath
> Of marvel or surprise;
> I only know that life and death
> His mercy underlies.
>
> I know not where His deserts lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.

Where Shall Security Be Found?

By Elmer Baughn Whitcomb

The hope set before us: Which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil; whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us. Hebrews 6:18-20.

SHORTLY after the World War General Smuts voiced the now famous phrase, "Civilization has struck its tents and is on the march." It was a prophetic utterance embodying both encouragement and warning. There were many in those days who saw only decades of unbounded progress awaiting the nations of the world as they looked into the future. There were others, however, who regarded with apprehension the materialistic trends of modern civilization—the rise of nationalism, communism and dictatorships on the one hand and on the other the waning influence of the church and its spiritual ideals of life. The developments of recent years throughout the world confirm the fears of the latter group. "Civilization is on the march," but whither? Once the hue and cry of humanity was "Progress." Today the hue and cry of humanity has become "Security." That, it would seem, has become the end-outcome of life which an overwhelming majority of people are seeking in the more aggressive nations, at least.

To be sure, no thoughtful person of a humanitarian spirit, viewing the contemporary scene with impartiality, would be so heartless as to condemn this desire for security. We live in the midst of a civilization so artificial in its structure, so insecure in its divisive and competitive economic foundations, so mercilessly impersonal in its corporate character, so heedlessly stupid

in its chartless steering and conflicting aims, that it would be strange, indeed, if men were not driven to seek some security against their uncertainties and fears about the future.

PRESENT SECURITY AND MEN'S SOULS

Moreover, no one can fairly deny that as the world stands at present, with millions unemployed and millions more inadequately secured against the future in a society that could provide ample for all, we must have some governmental action that will insure the social security and human welfare of every man, woman and child. Such must be the case, that is, if the jungle of existence, with its law of tooth and claw, is to be transformed into a sane and well-ordered world of life.

But there is a question about all this that has been haunting my mind for some months past. Suppose that this quest for social and economic security should become the major quest of mankind. What then? What ultimate security will men find for their social securities? All systems have their day and pass. But what will become of man? Suppose he simply seeks for a comfortable place in the sun where he may enjoy his days while they last, what then is to become of man? What will become of his soul? And what will become of the kingdom of God for which once he risked his very life? Where must we seek our ultimate security for life? That was my question.

Then suddenly one day as I was reading in my New Testament I came upon the answer. It was there in the Epistle to the Hebrews—"The hope set before us: Which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil; whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us." Those words, as Dr. Goodspeed suggests in his recent *Story of the Bible,* were quite possibly written to the Christians at Rome during the persecution by the Emperor Domitian in the last decade of the first century of this era. Already the Christians at Rome had suffered persecution and the confiscation of their goods under Nero as his scapegoat for the burning of Rome. The church, nevertheless, had survived and flourished. But another generation, less certain of their securities in the Christian faith, thirty years later now faced persecution unless they rendered homage to the deity of the imperial state. God or state—to which should they look for their security? That was the issue they faced and the words of this letter must have played some part in deciding where they should take their stand. For the Christians not only withstood that persecution but the church at Rome became a bulwark for God against the state. They had decided that the ultimate security for them and society must be in Christ. That is what the Christian faith meant then and surely it can mean no less than that today.

THE WORLD'S SECURITY—AND CHRISTIANS'

Suppose we ask ourselves, then, what is the nature of the security which we Christians are seeking today? Is there any essential difference between the kind of security that we are seeking and that which the rest of the world is seeking? In almost any congregation I suppose there might be found some who are convinced that the only hope for security lies either in a state-controlled system such as communism, fascism or socialism, on the one hand, or else in the free, individual enterprise of capitalism as we have known it, on the other hand. Whichever it may be, the idea of security consists in the acquisition and possession of certain social and economic goods either promised from the state or protected by it. And so the hope of security becomes vested in the state, for Christians alike with the rest of the world.

Not so was it with those Christians of whom one reads in the New Testament. "We have this hope set before us; which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast"; or as Goodspeed puts

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it: "This hope is like an anchor for our souls—secure and strong." What was this hope that was like an anchor for men's souls? Open your New Testament almost anywhere and you will find that it was Christ and the assurance of the kingdom of God that they had through their faith in him. Strange words are these to some of our modern ears! But it is stranger still that so many of us who call ourselves Christians should find ourselves strangers to the sense of security that the early Christians found in Christ. To be sure, some of us still sing the words,

> I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest,
> I'll sail the wild seas no more;
> The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,
> In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

But what one misses among present-day Christians is the convincing evidence in our lives, in our aims and ambitions, our seekings and our strivings, that Christ

is indeed the hope of our security for which we would readily risk all else.

You see, for one thing, Christ had really changed the lives of those New Testament Christians so that they were "new creatures in him." They were saved, they were secure, because they were united with him in mind and in spirit. All things were theirs because they were Christ's and Christ was God's. Moreover, they were secure because they had anchored their souls in the hope of the kingdom of God. They were assured that their ultimate security was not in the deification of any man-made system but only in a society permeated by the spirit of God and fashioned according to his mind and purpose. Whether for the present or the future, that was where they found their security.

How different it was with that churchman who, coming out of one of the sessions of the Preaching Mission last fall where E. Stanley Jones had been speaking, remarked: "Now I see where the issue lies. It's either Christianity or business. For my part I choose business." Business secured by the state—that, you see, was where he intended to anchor his soul. How is it with us?

SHALL WE LOOK TO THE STATE, OR TO GOD?

That leads to the other question that I propose we ask ourselves. It is this: What then is to be the *ultimate ground* for our security in any society? The real issue that those New Testament Christians had to face in the ancient world was whether or not for their final security they should look to the state or look to God. It was a question of the final supremacy in man's life of the sovereignty of the state or the sovereignty of God.

I wonder if we realize how subtly this issue is taking shape once more in the life of the world? Russia, Italy and Germany each has its clearly defined totalitarian philosophy of the supremacy of the state over all of life and God is either ruled out of existence or forced into subservience to the state so that the state becomes God. In exchange for the consciences, the liberties and the souls of men the state promises to give security. But what ground for security is there in such an earthbound state? What can it make secure that is worth such a price? Surely, we need to recover once more the perspective of history.

To be sure, if man's existence has no higher meaning than economic security and the comfort and pleasure it may afford for a few brief years, if eternity and man's soul and the kingdom of God are only illusions, then man might well seek security wherever he could find it. But that is not the view of life that is held by Christians. Turn to the New Testament with me once more and see how it reads. "The hope set before us: Which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast *and entering into that which is within the veil;* whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us."

They cast their anchor not into some beguiling nostrums within this present. They flung their anchor out into the haven of the beyond where Christ had sat down on the right hand of God. They were anchored to the eternal purpose of God. That was their security and that was its ground. The hope of their security was no mere subjective experience. For them it was an objective reality. Christ, their Lord and Savior, at the right hand of God! They anchored themselves to him and that was their assurance for the kingdom of God in time and in eternity.

That is where we Christians once more must learn to seek our security. That is the only unfailing ground in which we can cast our anchor. It is the only sure dynamic for the kingdom of God throughout the world. "The beyond is the dynamic of the present." "The beyond" where Christ is at the right hand of God. If that is our anchorage, then ours, indeed, shall be a kingdom, a society under God, that cannot be shaken!

Permanent Values in an Age of Change

By Allan A. Hunter

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Matthew 4:4.

WHAT are the permanent values to which a man can cling in this bewildering age of rapid change? Watch that glittering streamlined model dash past. Tomorrow it will be junked. The speed with which fashions in planning, organizing and even thinking whirl by and then get superseded, makes the head swim. How can one keep up with the times? Why, even the Supreme Court, we are now beginning to believe, has the best minds of the eighteenth century! We're geniuses at producing machines, but morons when it comes to putting those machines to the proper use. This is an age of power, ever more power. But what's it all for?

Consider, for example, Boulder Dam. It can do more work than all the muscles of all the laboring men of this country. Boulder Dam means enormous, almost incredible control of physical forces. So far, so good. But what values are going to control that control?

The power we have is huge like an elephant. But the greater the mass, the greater the danger! You know the schoolboy's definition of foolishness: "an elephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied around a daisy." Unless our tremendous energies are firmly attached to those things in the universe that are deepest, strongest and most worth-while—in other words, the permanent values—disaster is straight ahead.

On the Mount of Temptation Jesus faced this issue of getting perspective, of putting first things first. In imagination, perhaps, he saw a small town widow, bled white by taxation so that a few overrich city folk could have more food and wine than was good for them. The exploited poor were close to him even in the wilderness. There they were; undernourished children who would never have a chance, fathers crushed by debts. Well, then, why not pour all this idealism, all this passion for sharing, into the job of giving them bread?

Do you sense the pressure of that idea? Have you even been tempted to push everything else aside—even your scruples about the war method—and throw your-

self without reservations into the effort of simply getting justice in the form of food, shelter and clothing for the underprivileged? If you have not been so tempted, quite possibly you have not yet begun to be much of a Christian.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

Jesus, facing some such perplexity as that, turned to the past for light, and it came to him in the quiet, clear conviction: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

What does that mean? That we are to be glib about the economic sufferings of people? Not at all. On the contrary, it means that we are to work far more earnestly in collective planning and organizing, so that all the members of God's family can share in the resources which he has scattered over this planet. But that task, though indispensable, is only one word out of the mouth of God. We are not to live by that alone. We are to live by every word, all the supreme values.

If a single good thing in life, such as winning bread for others, is sought after as if there were no other good things, something terrible happens. That good thing becomes corrupted. People giving their lives to it are likely to become fanatics, unattractive and unloving. If something means a lot to you, make it serve other meanings. Otherwise it may go bad. If a value is real and growing, it cannot be allowed to become selfish. It must serve other values and make them also prevail.

Everywhere people are going to smash because their scale of values is all wrong. A New York professor tells us there are today "seven deadly values: transportation, communication, entertainment, health, psychology, sex and youth." Your car is worth polishing once a week, no doubt; but treat it as though it were the deity and see what happens. Again, what goes on over your telephone wires is sometimes worth listening to. Sometimes! Again, it is good to see a show once in a while, but it can make a gull out of you if you go too often. Health? We all want it and rightly so. But do you know of anything more trivial than neighbors or relatives who are always twittering about how fine they feel? Psychology? O yes, one needs to know how one is still tied to mother's apron strings, but these new books for all their blurbs are not the only word the Eternal has ever uttered. Sex? Understood and within marriage, a gift of God, certainly; but let me whisper this secret: there are other gifts too. Youth? How splendid. But when a sixty year old, man or woman, begins acting kittenish—how silly!

Not one of these things is the basket into which to put all your eggs. There is only one such basket, and that is the meaning—"the same yesterday, today and forever"—that takes all the lesser meanings and sets them in the right relationship.

Can it be put into words? Not fully. But we have to try.

UNCOMPROMISING HONESTY

The first is honesty. In the habit of truth-telling, of truth-serving, there is a quality that we instinctively respect, whether in Socrates dying for it or in Darwin sacrificing his health for it. A man whose "yes" is yes and whose "no" is no, is in touch with something eternal, whatever the century or the climate or the civilization. No matter how high-powered our machines may be, no matter how complicated or all-possessing our government becomes, we must have men whose word is as good as their bond. It was so in Moses' day. It will continue so after Einstein's age.

We must be honest not because that is the best policy, the most successful policy, but because God is. Truth is not a means. It is an end. We are to serve it, not for its benefits, but for itself.

Incidentally it does give us benefits. For instance, if the drink habit happens to be getting hold of you, honesty will help you cure it about as effectively as any treatment available. To quote William James: if a man "through thick and thin holds to it that this is being a drunkard and is nothing else, he is not likely to remain one long." The effort by which he succeeds in keeping the right name unwaveringly present to his mind proves to be his saving moral act. It is not only a virtue to stop tricking ourselves. It is sometimes a cure for many a physical ailment.

Uncompromising honesty, some enthusiasts for social change seem to think, is but the fashion of a dying age, an almost irrelevant ornament in times of crises. That relativistic doctrine, Carl von Ossietsky, recent winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, puts to shame. H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley and others say this of him: "He has done more than any of us, and we believe that he has done most of all living men to deserve this acknowledgement from his fellow men." What was it that this German peacemaker did? He stood out with the fearlessness of complete commitment to the truth, against the war system and the war method in his own country. Having learned out of bitter experience how false and futile it is to bayonet and gas human beings and then call it "defense," he publicized the facts about militarism. A few years ago, he openly declared that Germany was rearming. When the nazis came into power they sought to silence him. He could have escaped and thus avoided the suffering of several years' imprisonment. But Carl von Ossietsky chose the integrity that sometimes costs life itself. "The man," he said, "who is opposing the government of his country, and who leaves his own land and goes across the border, speaks with a hollow voice to his countrymen." It is with no hollow voice that this gallant German speaks to us of the value and potency of truth.

Truth may not be the supreme interest but it is a supreme interest of man.

THE PASSION FOR LOVELINESS AND FELLOWSHIP

There is a second thing of unfailing importance. We of the church have been too careless about this other permanent value. It can be recognized in a tidy home: "Order is a lovely thing, on disarray it lays its wing." We respond to it when the sun touches a cloud with gold and then unsatisfied tries apricot, then rose; or when a violin awakens old, "forgotten, far off things." Some people show it in the way they shake hands, others in the way they solve mathematical problems or paint a gnarled tree. Here is something eternally worth praying for: "Take from our souls the strain and stress and

let our ordered lives confess the beauty of Thy peace."

A young man who loves beauty is pretty safe even in Hollywood. He is not apt to be taken in by shabby lures, if he has a passion for real loveliness. But there is a greater reason than what we call morals for teaching a boy to admire beautiful things and that is because they are beautiful.

A third enduring value that needs more and more emphasis as we find ourselves in bigger and less intimate groups, is reverence for personality. How easily we use the phrase! How rarely we live up to the reality! The other day a friend threw himself out of a fourth story window. He had been under too much pressure. We

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might have relieved that pressure a bit had we only taken the time to see more of him.

You have a chum who lives in a distant city. You say you are going to write a letter some day. But life does not always wait. He may go (as another friend of mine went a few months ago) with no direct word from you.

We flatter ourselves that we love one another, especially those close to us. But love, if it is anything, is an effort of the will encouraging the other person to grow. Do we actually value even those under our own roof as vitally as we pretend to ourselves we do? Yes? Very well! To bring out the best in them we will have to alter certain habits, or develop new interests. There is a book, perhaps Kunkel's *What It Means to Grow Up*, offering an insight that may make a world of difference to your relationship with that person. It costs too much? Are you willing to say, then, that your relationship with him is worth less than two dollars?

Because a man is not a means but an end in himself, there is something else we supremely want if we sincerely desire the supreme values. M. P. Follett several years ago put it unforgettably: "power with people rather than power over them." To hold a stick over others is the devil's own ambition. To share abundance with them is the saint's untiring aim. One man's domination in Hero's day spelled woe for thousands. Today, because of technology, it can deal death to countless millions.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SHARED POWER

A cotton-picking machine has recently been invented. If used for individual power or profit only it might make useless five million mules and horses, thus canceling out the value of millions of acres of farmland producing their feed. Moreover it might throw out of work something like seven million human beings now dependent for a livelihood on cotton-picking. No doubt these figures are exaggerated. Unforeseen factors would probably reduce this estimate drastically. The fact remains that this machine has tremendous possibilities for good instead of evil. Apparently, the Rust Brothers, who are responsibile for the machine, do not want to have it put to antisocial use; they reverence personality in a practical farseeing way. They value Bill Jones, colored sharecropper in Mississippi, and Sam Smith, poor white farmer of Arkansas, so highly that they refuse, if reports are correct, to release this new device on the market until provision is made for the human beings who will thereby be disemployed. The details as to how they propose to socialize their machine are not yet known. Evidently they are planning to use most of the profits not to feather their own nests, but to help unlucky sharecroppers to own and develop cooperative farms, such as the now famous "Sherwood Eddy" Delta Cooperative Farm near Hillhouse, Mississippi. The point is, they are seeking that great good which is the fellowship of power shared.

Honesty, loveliness, personality and fellowship on the highest level—these three are of permanent value not because they give us more speed, thrills or popularity. They are significant in themselves. Moreover, they are organically related. They should be taken together as a whole.

Euripides was not far from the kingdom of best things when he made this plea:

> To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
> To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
> And shall not loveliness be lov'd forever?

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

But Euripides did not go as far as Jesus. Jesus went on to something greater—every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Sometimes he called it overflowing life. Oftener he referred to it as the Kingdom of God or the Kingdom of Heaven. Once he spoke of it as the Pearl, the Pearl of Great Price.

A merchant in quest of precious stones was one day riding through the bazaar of Damascus. A quivering beam of the sun upon a shelf caught his attention. There, shining with a light that never was on land or sea, was the jewel of his heart, the pearl of his dreams that henceforth would mean more than all the world for him. Dismounting from his camel he got permission

to hold the pearl in the palm of his hand. Yes, it was worth the cost!

Excitedly he jumped on his camel and raced back to his palace. "My wife," he said exultantly as he entered the door, "I have found at last what all my life I wanted most. But you and I will have to leave all this. To get that pearl it will take everything I have."

"My husband," answered the wife, "I am not afraid to give up comfort or security. This palace is a trifling thing."

Back to Damascus hurried the merchant. In return for the pearl he gave all his wealth. He and his wife spent the rest of their days in a shack. Their food was roots and bread. But the merchant was satisfied. Every day at noon he would hold up the pearl for the sun to shine upon; and there, in the palm of his hand, it would glow with the grace of unspeakable things.

In time the glory of it seemed to fade. The merchant and his wife were puzzled. At last they nodded their heads in understanding, and the merchant said to his wife: "This pearl will be of worth to us only as we share it with the world."

The Sixth Commandment in a Motor Age

By William F. Hastings

Thou shalt not kill. Exodus 20:13.

IN explosion of hydrogen gas caused the deaths of about thirty-five persons who rode on the Hindenburg. The whole world was horrified. Last year the controlled explosions of another kind of gas or vapor caused the deaths of nearly thirty-seven thousand persons in America alone. We were not much horrified.

Shortly before Easter an explosion of natural gas cost the lives of several hundred junior high school children in Texas. Another kind of gas in 1936 put to death well over five thousand American children under the age of fifteen. Is it perversity which makes us fear less this other and more deadly gas?

The barbarous use of poison gas in the World War killed and partially disabled a few thousand American soldiers, so that we caught our breath in terror. The careless use of gasoline vapor last year injured and maimed well toward a million people, and we could listen to the figures without missing a heartbeat. This other gas is so common! Familiarity can breed unconcern as well as contempt.

And why when we take hold of a steering wheel should we forget the ancient commandment, "Thou shalt not kill"? Can that obligation have less of force in a motor age than in a day of spears and arrows?

Recently the American Legion has decorated our highways with posters of a man holding a lifeless body of a child. Near by is the car which has killed the child, and underneath the question, "What have I done?" Quite so! This man did not know what he was doing till he killed the child. That brought him to his senses.

I preach this sermon today not only because this is a very practical matter, but because it comes close to the heart of Christianity. No one of us can be a consistent Christian, with a Christian regard for personality, unless he is a careful driver. Year by year, month by month we have seen the dangers of the road increasing. Accidents and deaths have been coming closer and closer.

I preach this sermon today because this is a time of year when we all need it. I preach it first of all to myself because I need it. Ministers are sometimes among the worst offenders on the road. A minister friend of mine recently boasted that he drove from Elmira to Ithaca in half an hour—thirty-four miles. Allowing for that exaggeration which often afflicts ministers, he must have traveled seventy miles an hour at least part of the way. I might have quoted to him that pungent roadside sign I once saw in Massachusetts, "You'll never reach 70 doing 70!"

I

Today the first suggestion I make to myself and to you is simply that we accept responsibility for human life when we drive. We expect the railroad engineer, the ship's captain, the air pilot, and the bus driver to be responsible for human safety. Why not the rest of us, and particularly when over 80 per cent of the deaths and accidents on the road are caused by what with some unconscious irony we call pleasure cars?

To accept responsibility for human life means that we will not drive when we are not fit. The man who "clicks off" seven hundred miles a day probably is not fit during the last three hundred miles. Some of us are not really able to drive over two hundred miles a day. He who has suffered from insomnia, who has just lost heavily in business, who has just been jilted by the lady of his choice, who has just had a quarrel with his wife, who has just taken a drink—he is not fit.

To accept responsibility for human life means also that we will not try to "make" Elmira in half an hour, or Syracuse (fifty-four miles) in an hour, or Albany (171 miles) in four. Here, I confess, is a place where you and I and all of us "fall down." We Americans like to break records. We have to get there rapidly, even though we know nothing to do on arrival.

To accept responsibility for human life means that we will apply to our car some of that care Lindbergh took with his plane, "The Spirit of St. Louis," on that trip to Paris just ten years ago. And like Lindbergh we will practice safe driving and know the rules of the road.

To accept responsibility for human life means that we will admit our part in an accident. Now we must grant that to admit some blame puts us in danger of being smothered with all blame, so common is the practice of denying blame. Yet in most accidents at least two drivers share the responsibility. Sergeant John Kelly of the state troopers told me last week that here is one of the tallest obstacles to law enforcement. When caught in an accident or violation, the ordinary respectable citizen says always, "But I am always a very careful driver." A friend who has often served on a coroner's jury reports that no one is ever going more than twenty-five miles an hour, if the speed limit hap-

pens to be twenty-five. Or if the limit be thirty, he was crawling along at a bare twenty-eight!

To accept responsibility for human life means that we will not seek immunity or special privilege. Last summer another minister friend was traveling a three-lane street in another city at an hour of no traffic awheel or afoot. By his speedometer he was making forty. Because he had on old clothes, he was arrested. How embarrassed were that policeman and judge when they learned he was a minister! They apologized, but the offense was on the blotter. The fine for thirty-eight miles an hour was five dollars.

Now do not blame the policeman for showing favors to ministers and others unless you will support him in

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impartial enforcement, even when you get caught. A half dozen states, and notably Rhode Island, have started a campaign of indiscriminate enforcement. They have markedly reduced their death toll, while it has mounted elsewhere. Last year in Ithaca we all had a good healthy fear thrown into us when the police began to arrest a few people not from the first ward, the section in which so many of our Italian and colored friends live.

II

Second. Not only must we accept responsibility for life. A good general rule for us is: Treat everyone with the same consideration which you would show on foot.

Men have been traveling on foot for at least fifty thousand years. In that time they have built up certain rules of courtesy and habits of respect. They have learned that usually it is better to treat the person you meet as a person, and not shove him off the footpath.

Men have been traveling in cars for about fifty years, not fifty thousand. Only for about twenty years have many of them owned cars. The conditions of the road in 1927 are completely changed in 1937. It may be we have not had sufficient time to build a code of decent consideration for the other fellow.

I have a friend who is gallant and lovable on the sidewalk, but when he drives——! When he drives, foot on throttle—or I might have said, hand on horn—he is a perfect boor. He blows every pedestrian off the road, and he has his opinion of every woman driver. When he walks he is polite; when he drives other people are just obstacles to be got out of the way. I have actually heard him mutter between his teeth that pedestrians have no right on the road. How quickly his point of view would change if some day he had to walk back a mile for gasoline!

We talk about war and how it brutalizes. It does. I wonder about driving also. I wonder what the motor-car is doing to our attitude toward the sacredness of personality. We do not go beserk with rage and kill, but we sometimes do go mad with that power which a modern car can give the puniest among us. And is there not unconscious brutality in that absent-mindedness which figures the week's sales while driving, or works on the research experiment, or on next Sunday's sermon? Brutality comes whenever and wherever we forget that people are people, and after the crash is too late to remember.

III

Finally and briefly, a third suggestion: We can study the conditions under which accidents most frequently happen, and drive accordingly. Knowledge thus gained has helped many of us.

Tables put out by the Traveler's Insurance Company show Tuesday and Wednesday the safest days to drive. By far the most dangerous are Saturday and Sunday. (A minister can hardly miss the chance to point out here how Sunday accidents would be reduced if the modern car could be taught the way to church like old Dobbin.) Then the most dangerous hour is from seven to eight at night, and the next most dangerous from four to five in the afternoon. Night driving calls for less speed.

Another table shows that failure to have the right-of-way causes the largest proportion of deaths. The next biggest cause is speed. We all know where drivers speed—on good straight road usually of concrete. So true is this that our New York state commissioner of motor vehicles sarcastically asks whether for safety we should not build the narrowest and crookedest roads possible, and then endow them with a poor surface. He does not, however, compare the new four-lane boulevard type with ordinary three-lane concrete on which so many speed to death in the center lane. A second's inattention at fifty-five miles per hour, and one travels eighty-one feet toward danger. When he wakes up it takes 211 feet to stop. A car going sixty takes twice as far to stop as one going forty. There is almost half as much again of fiery energy to be quenched by the brakes at sixty as at fifty.

To keep the attention of the women, I have neglected to say till now that only 6 per cent of drivers in fatal

accidents are women, but they do sometimes figure in accidents as careless pedestrians, though here again men more often offend. Then inexperienced drivers are not so much to blame as we thought: over 97 per cent of drivers who crash have had experience of at least a year. Nor are the young people so careless as we thought, except possibly as pedestrians: 80 per cent of drivers with accidents are between twenty-five and sixty-four. Young people do jay-walk, and run out into the street for balls. Four times in about a month I have had to stop in a few lengths when a life suddenly loomed in my line of travel.

But what about the drunken driver? Well, all authorities agree he is a menace. Careful tests in the best psychological laboratories reveal that the more dangerous man is he who has just had a drink or two, not he who weaves the road. How many drivers drink and crash is hard to estimate. The Traveler's tables report that in 1936 7.3 per cent of drivers in fatal accidents had been drinking. That is, 7.3 per cent were so obviously drunk it would not be overlooked or hushed up.

We should also consider a chart prepared last fall by the American Business Men's Association of Chicago. Someone plotted liquor consumption for a year alongside of automobile deaths. For the whole year the two lines ran in an almost exact parallel—a deadly parallel. The peaks of the two zigzag graph lines came on the football week-ends of the fall and just before the Christmas holidays. Draw your own conclusions.

And now, one final fact. In the first three months of 1937 automobile deaths increased 26 per cent over 1936, according to our local paper which gave the figures. At that rate there will be over forty-six thousand automobile deaths in 1937. Do we suppose that those of us here today can prevent even one or two of those threatened deaths? How much does the old command, "Thou shalt not kill," mean to us in a motor age?

Do the Churches Mean Business?

By H. R. L. Sheppard

WHAT is the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ? What was the great contribution that he made to religion? It wasn't just going about being nice to people, or healing the sick, or holding out the hand of friendship to prostitutes so that they might start afresh, or feeding five thousand with a few scraps. These things all had a lovely significance. They have still a meaning and encouragement for us today. But the heart of our Lord's message is not in them.

It lies in the exciting statement—to give which to the world he lived and died—that God, who was a mystery, as in essence he still is a mystery to us, is our Father, and that therefore all men, everywhere, whatever their nation, or race, or color, are brothers one of another. We know the love of a father for his children. We know what it means to be brothers of the same blood and bone. We know the strength and sweetness of family ties. So this message comes home to us. Or it would come home if we didn't take it so much for granted that we never stop to think of what it really means.

But it was a new idea to the men and women of his time. And those of us who rediscover it today experience the same shock of surprise at its sweeping implications, respond instinctively to its lovely warm humanity, feel its transfiguring power. There has never been any teaching so effective in changing men's lives and making them vital and significant. There has never been any teacher at once so human and so compelling.

But we must listen to what he has to say to us. We must, of ourselves and in our own hearts, make this rediscovery of the Fatherhood of God, and all that follows from it, as something that affects us personally, because of which we can never be the same again.

RETURN TO THE STANDARDS OF JESUS

I should say that if we really want a recall to religion, it is for this that we should pray. If by "recall to religion" we mean a return to the values and standards of Jesus Christ, the first and last thing we have got to realize is that we musn't merely give lip service to the brotherhood of man. If we once can feel this sense of brotherhood, instead of merely talking about it, many things will take on a new aspect and a new color. All war, for instance, will seem to us civil war—a war of brothers. A battlefield will be as dreadful as a home turned into a shambles by the sudden madness of those who lived in it.

But there is much more to it than that. We pray for the preservation of peace—but peace isn't just an absence of bomb-throwing. There can be no peace even if there is never another war, while the men and women of the depressed areas still lie under the blight of unemployment, feel the pinch of semi-starvation. There can be no peace while wealth flaunts its luxury in the face of want, while class hatred and class bitterness poison the springs of human relationships. There can be no peace while there is cruelty, and malice, and greedy self-seeking; while strength grabs the things it covets and weakness goes to the wall.

There can be no peace without sacrifice. There can be no peace without mutual understanding, and mutual trust, and mutual helpfulness.

Above all, there can be no peace without love.

TODAY'S NEW CHALLENGE

If we are really in earnest about the recall to religion, we must stand for the values which Jesus Christ stood for. We can't do that by being sentimental or even by prayer. We can only do it by living, so far as we can, in the light of our Lord's teaching and in the spirit of his message to mankind. It is not necessary, if we do that, to talk or preach about it overmuch. Our lives will speak for themselves, because they will be hallmarked with reality, with sacrifice for the brethren.

Where, then, do the churches come in?

Obviously, we are all very human. We have our times of weakness, of doubt, of despair. We put our hand to the plough, and then we get tired in the middle of driving our furrow. We need to be kept up to scratch. We need to be reminded of our ideals—and of our duties and responsibilities as Christians. We need spiritual repair.

Nobody can criticize the presentation of Christian-

The Minister's Part in the Marriage Ceremony

By William F. Kosman

WELL do I remember the day some twenty years ago when, a budding young parson, I donned my frock coat and hastened to my first wedding at the home of the bride. My first, it happened to be the groom's second and the bride's third. The bride was easily the most apprehensive person present—"nervous" as a hen on a hot griddle. There was no pinning her down to any sort of orderly procedure. Evidently, she had her misgivings. Subsequent events, however, happily proved them without foundation. It was a match "made in heaven." To this day she never fails, when she meets me, to thank me for "tying it tight."

• *A Time for Presence Of Mind*

This and my later experience have convinced me that no matter how "nervous" the couple nor how tense the atmosphere, it is highly imperative, as a first requisite of the minister's part in the marriage ceremony, that he, at least, remain calm and collected. Recently, after an elaborate church wedding, I asked the bride, "Were you nervous"? I was pleased to have her say, "No, you made me feel that everything was being done right."

I recall an occasion when the consequence would have been embarrassing, if not disastrous, had I not been able to maintain presence of mind. After hectic days of preliminary preparation, the bride came to the high hour of her marriage flushed with excitement and in an evident state of flutter. So were her bridesmaids—a bevy of beautiful girls dressed in the height of fashion and good taste, who, as the ceremony began, arrayed themselves like blossoming plants about the room. I launched into the introductory passages of the service to the accompaniment of suppressed but emotionally charged giggles alternating with similarly charged and more audible laughter. Soon, however, the key of my accompaniment changed to a minor and soulful sobs punctuated my sentences. I had the feeling that I was the only person in the room aware of the nature of the project in hand—and after a time I was not so sure of myself. I might have been reading Ingersoll's address at the grave of his brother for all the young couple and their attendants knew or cared. As I approached the more significant part of the service, to my further amazement and complete perturbation, the bride suddenly fell into the arms of the groom who kissed her passionately. Abruptly both turned, whisked through the room and up the stairs, leaving the preacher "waiting at the church," the ceremony unconcluded and everything up in the air. The remainder of the party, taking this as a cue, prepared to break up and I was left to decide on the moment whether to close the book, leaving the young pair to "live in sin" ever after or to take the situation ruthlessly in hand "in the name of decency and honor." It ended by my rushing up the stairs, coattails flying, in pursuit of the elusive pair. I overtook them on the upper landing, called them forcibly to attention and shouted, "Wait, you're not married yet." Leading the recalcitrants back to the improvised altar, I

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concluded the ceremony with what dignity I could muster.

The minister also can do much to convey to the marrying pair some realization of the solemnity of the occasion and the seriousness of the step to be taken. A preliminary conference with the couple often serves this purpose. I have had brides before me who viewed all with stoical indifference—faintly conscious of something happening far away. In particular, I recall a hardy lass who persisted in chewing gum throughout the service and viewing with the utmost nonchalance the pictures on the wall and the furniture about the room. I regretted afterward that I had failed to take the precaution of talking things over beforehand with this bride and her too docile groom. I might have made them see that the service had meaning which it was in their place to strive to grasp.

• *The Delicate Question Of the Fee*

A word about the fee may not be out of place. It is a matter of importance for the preacher, at least. "I made three people happy today," said a preacher to his wife. "Three? Who were they?" she asked. "The bride, the groom and myself. You do not think I did it for nothing, do you?" was the reply. The happiness the preacher enjoys in this way, however, is often very meager. I recall one occasion when, on leaving the house of the groom where the marriage had taken place, I was handed an envelope bulging with promise. Under the nearest lamp post I read in a hesitant scrawl, "You know how it is, Pastor. I have had heavy expense courtin' my girl and now I'm broke. When I ketch up again, I'll send you something." Apparently the young man is still engaged in "ketching up," for the "something" he promised has not arrived—not even a baby to be christened.

Once when asked by the happy husband, "How much?" I made the tactical mistake of replying tritely: "Oh, pay me what you think she is worth." Rising to the occasion, he said, "Pastor, you'll have me working for you for life." The impressive roll of bills he produced as he said this, however, was only two dollars shy when he thrust it back into the pocket of his freshly creased jeans.

• *Shall the Minister Advise On Birth Control?*

It may seem unnecessary to raise the question of whether or not young people should be given knowledge of birth control before marriage. The likelihood is that in many cases they already know "all about it"—or think they do. Some of the knowledge they possess may be unreliable, however, as well as unsafe, and I have come to believe that they should be given opportunity to acquire information as scientifically accurate and hygienically safe as is possible to obtain. I know a preacher who holds private conference with the prospective husband and wife explaining to them methods of birth control—not always, to be sure, with happy results to himself. He confessed to me the other day that recently he was taken "over the coals" by an irate mother to whom the bride had retailed the "shameful things" told her by the preacher. It seems only sensible and fair, however, that someone capable of doing so—the parents, if intelligent, or the family physician—should enlighten the young couple concerning a matter so fraught with consequences for good or ill. If no one else who is capable seems likely to do this, it may behoove the minister to try his hand at the job. Health, happiness and economic secur-

ity are all involved. In few cases are large families desirable. Often they bring only misery for parents and children. In an enlightened nation young parents should be given the knowledge enabling them to limit offspring to a degree commensurate with the health of the mother and the size of the family income.

If the couple belong to the upper strata of society and enjoy adequate financial security, they should have children commensurate in number with the health of the mother. It will not do for society to die at the top. Where this is not the case and the family is financially insecure, parents need not hesitate to limit the number of children, nor need they feel any sort of social or moral stigma in doing so. In many cases, there should be no children at all. Marriage may have evolved in nature to insure the greatest degree of protection for the young with which nature insists upon replenishing the earth. But mankind has now reached the stage where offspring and their care need no longer be the first charge upon marriage. Increasingly, men and women are justified in seeking first their own happiness and security which so often are threatened rather than assured by the arrival of children. To be sure, childless couples miss much joy but the fact remains that parentage has come to be a phase rather than the sole content of marriage. To be sure, also, the race must be perpetuated—and nature will doubtless continue to see to that—but the world waits not for more children but for better children and better children we shall have only when mated people bring into the world and nurture only such children as they care to have and can adequately provide for.

• *Shall Parents Keep Hands Off?*

Another conclusion to which I have come through the years is that parents of young people should have more to say in the selection of the prospective bride and groom than is now generally the case. Presumably, parents have learned something from their own experience. This acquired wisdom should be made use of. Young people are thrown into association with each other at school, in society or at work, and, as is to be expected, in the course of time the interest they take in each other becomes more than casual. Romance, stimulated by propinquity, ensues. This usually is regarded as sufficient reason for them to marry. Questions of mental, physical and temperamental adaptability, of course, are given no consideration by the infatuated couple.

If parents are concerned and intelligent enough to raise such questions they hesitate to interfere, inhibited by recollections of what they once read or heard of young women becoming morbid and young men rushing to ruin because romance was blighted by parental interference. This is a point at which many parents themselves need to grow up. Young women, especially in these modern days, do not pine away because of thwarted affection and young men do not commit suicide because of a broken heart. "Men have died and been eaten by worms, but not for love." When parents abandon the dangerous policy of keeping hands off and insist upon their natural prerogatives in helping to select husbands for their daughters and wives for their sons, better marriages will be the order of the day.

• *Revising the Marriage Service*

In using the marriage service prescribed by my church for these many years, I have modified it to suit what seems to be the demands of the age in which we live. Long ago I permitted the word "obey" to lie forgotten and unused. It belongs among the relics of a bygone day. Only once in my experience has a bride asked for its reinsertion. Modern marriage is a venture in democracy and not in conjugal subjugation. No modern woman will pretend to obey any man and no modern man will expect it.

Similarly, I have parted company with the phrase, "until death do us part." This is too great a strain for many unions to stand. Why then impose it? Why have people promised what they may not be able to fulfill? Divorce is no longer a disgrace among the intelligent and may often be the only way out of a situation in which both husband and wife are miserable and life has become a prison-house. Where children are present, the situation, to be sure, is more complicated. The welfare of the children must be the first consideration and, in some cases, it may be the part of wisdom for parents to hold intact, as best they can, the form of their union. Usually, however, in an unhappy marriage, the children are unhappy too. They lack the sense of security so essential to normal childhood and suffer grievous twists of personality.

In general, it may be said that where nothing remains but the ashes of a dead love, the essence of marriage is no longer present, and beauty and hope are shackled by the bonds of slavery.

• *The Pastor a Determiner Of Destiny*

I hasten to add that most of the couples I married were fine folk, genuinely in love, facing the future with courage and hope and determined to keep the fires of love aglow through the years. It is a solemn moment when, as a sort of "determiner of destiny," the parson speaks the words so fraught with joy and despair: "I pronounce you man and wife." It may be the gateway to glorious adventure. It may be the portal to hell. Which it will be lies with the couple—and circumstances. In many cases, it lies "in the lap of the gods."

When all is said and done, no more beautiful sight confronts the eyes of an experienced and discerning minister of the gospel than that of a young man and young woman pledging their troth before him, the sunlight of the morn on their faces, bearing hopefully the shield of mutual expectation, trusting each other and assaying to scale the heights and explore the valleys of life together come what may. About them may be the wreckage of similar ventures by their friends; before them the shoals and shallows of an uncharted sea. Cash is exhausted. Jobs are uncertain. No matter. Hope runs high. They will breast the breakers together. Love will conquer all odds. Can anything else be so important in this confused world? Dictators threaten the liberties of men; economic systems totter and fall; wise men shake their heads and blink at the days to come, but so long as deep answers to deep in the heart of youth, so long as it can be said that

> Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again
> And all went merry as a marriage bell

—so long joy and romance will not perish from the earth and the commonplace will not lose its glory.

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• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

REV. DANIEL A. POLING *is almost a* household name throughout America because of his many years' leadership in the fields of prohibition and Christian Endeavor and as editor of the Christian Herald. He has also been a leader in his church, having been at one time president of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America. Coming from a dynamic leader of youth, Dr. Poling's sermon on "Youth Marches" will be read with more than the usual interest. This sermon was delivered recently before the Chicago Sunday Evening Club. Dr. Poling has just published a book under the same title as this sermon, in which he tells of his findings as to world youth in his recent tour of Europe and the Orient.

Graduating from Baker University and the Boston University School of Theology, Rev. GILBERT S. COX became pastor of the Methodist Church in Maryville, Mo. Later pastorates were at Columbus, O., where he founded the student center at Ohio State University; at Woodlawn Park, Chicago; and at South Bend, Ind. Dr. Cox has lectured before many summer schools of ministerial training.

Dr. CHARLES F. WISHART *was ordained* in the United Presbyterian ministry and held pastorates in Pittsburgh and Chicago. For four years he was professor of systematic theology in Pittsburgh Theological Seminary. Since 1919 he has been president of the College of Wooster, in Ohio. In 1923 he was named moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

Since 1926 Rev. ELMER BAUGHN WHITCOMB has ministered to the Westminster Presbyterian Church, St. Joseph, Mo. Earlier pastorates were at Pierre, S. D., and Omaha, Neb. He received his education at Franklin College, Newton Theological Institute, Harvard University and the University of Chicago. For a year he served as international traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Returning in 1926 from China, where he taught in the National Normal University at Peking, Rev. ALLAN A. HUNTER became pastor of Mt. Hollywood Community Church (Congregational affiliation) at Los Angeles, were he still ministers.

Rev. WILLIAM F. HASTINGS *is minister* of the First Congregational Church, Ithaca, N. Y. He is a graduate from Union Seminary and holds an S. T. M. from Union and an M. A. from Columbia.

Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD *was for many* years minister of the famous church in London, St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

Rev. HENRY R. ROSE *is pastor emeritus* in the Universalist Church, residing in Newark, N. J.

Rev. WILLIAM F. KOSMAN *is pastor of* the Salem Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa.

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

CHARLES E. BODDIE, Monumental Baptist, Elmira, N. Y. "Christians on a Sit-down Strike." Matt. 26:40—"He cometh to his disciples, and findeth them sleeping."

BENJAMIN F. HENRY, First Presbyterian, Pratt, Kan. "Solvent Goodness." Matt. 5:20—"For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

JAMES H. IVEY, First Baptist, Troy, Ala. "Something New Under the Sun." Mark 2:12—"We never saw it on this fashion."

JOSEPH W. REEVES, North Congregational, Winchendon, Mass. "The Might of Me." I Cor. 16:9—"I have a great and promising opportunity here, as well as many opponents." (Goodspeed)

M. HARMER PATTON, First Presbyterian, Hoosick Falls, N. Y. "Lamps of the Lord." Matt. 5:14a—"Ye are the light of the world."

ARTHUR M. CLARKE, First Baptist, Bone, Ia. "Rejecting His Majesty." Mark 15:20—"They took off from him the purple."

J. CHRIS NYROP, Congregational, Curtis, Neb. "Jesus and the Gods of Iron." Luke 9:25—"What good does it do a man to gain the whole world and lose or forfeit himself?" (Goodspeed)

THEODORE A. KITTERER, First Evangelical, Cleveland, O. "The Possibility of the Impossible." Matt. 19:26—"And Jesus looking upon them said to them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible."

GEORGE C. PULLMAN, First Congregational, Sioux City, Ia. "The Sacrament of Silence." Isa. 40:31—"They who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

J. ARTHUR WEST, First Methodist, Warren, R. I. "Jerusalem—Straight Ahead." Mark 10:32a—"And they were on the way, going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus was going before them."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

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Title of sermon

. . . . . .
Text used (write out the text)

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Name of minister

. . . . . .
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. . . . . .
Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

WE ARE all concerned and confused about the strike situation. The federal government's course is a new one in our history. It is plainly adopting its hands off policy as a friendly act toward unionism. The governors in the pivotal states—Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan and Ohio—are taking their responsibilities with a favorable bias to the workers. The independent steel companies refuse to sign an agreement with "any irresponsible party," meaning the C.I.O. The question at issue is simply the principle of collective bargaining, with the C.I.O. as labor's representative. No present question of wages, hours, etc., is involved. But everybody knows that the unionization of whole industries, as Mr. Lewis' organization contemplates, will spell a new economic system in this country. Economic power will be tied in with political power and labor will dominate the scene. That is why the struggle is being so hard fought by the employers. As for myself, I have two things to say. First, I am in favor of the workers having whatever power their numbers can secure by democratic means in our political system. Second, it doesn't matter much whether I favor it or not, they are going to have it anyway. Whether, once gained, they can exercise their power without being exploited by a leadership which will lead to fascism, is simply a risk which democracy has to take. I come back to my naïve philosophy which keeps me optimistic in troubled times. It is the philosophy of transition. We are in a transition period, and it is foolish to expect a transition of this kind to be made in a ladylike manner.

Strikes and the Government

The Book of the Month

THE APOSTOLIC PREACHING. *By Charles H. Dodd. Willett, Clark & Company, $1.50.*

LAST summer I heard an address in London, on the Gospel of John, which greatly instructed and charmed me. It was by the author of this book, who is Professor of Divinity in Cambridge University. He is England's most influential New Testament scholar. I hail with personal interest the publication of this new book on preaching. When I had once begun to read it, I could not lay it down until I had finished it. It asks this single question: What was the message of the Apostles' preaching? The answer is found in the New Testament itself. Dr. Dodd distinguishes the preaching from the teaching. The teaching came later. The preaching, he maintains, was what started Christianity off, so to speak. But there were no newspaper reporters present to take down the sermons of the first gospelers! Some time elapsed before any of our records appeared, and by that time the requirements of the growing church had developed the teaching activity. So our records have to be examined critically in order to separate the teaching material from the original preaching material. How I like to watch Dodd do this! It is as intriguing as a detective story! He writes as if he had a dull reader like myself personally in mind, and therefore he repeats his points at the right places so as to enable me to keep up with him. His conclusion is that the Apostles preached the messiahship, the death, the resurrection, the glorification and the imminent return of Jesus Christ. For a thoroughgoing higher critic, that sounds pretty fundamentalist, doesn't it? Well, that is where Dodd comes out. And I think the scholarship of our time will support him in his conclusion. How we in our day are to preach this same gospel—that is another story. This book seems to be a key to unlock for those of us who are not experts the mysteries of the new criticism which is discarding many of the results of the New Testament criticism which prevailed a generation ago.

A Thought for the Month

WHEN you are put on your mettle to defend the Christian church, what do you first think about? Do you not try to show how much good the church does, how it is the mainstay of social stability, how it makes men and women strong and clean and good, how it nourishes great ideals for its members and for society, and so forth? I challenge this as an adequate apologetic for the church. It is open to question whether church people, taken person for person, are so much better than non-church people. At any rate, the critic can make an argument on the other side. He can talk about hypocrites in the church, and good people outside it. But I want an apologetic for the church that is beyond dispute, beyond any caviling, a defense that stands self-evident and convincing in the face of any kind of cynicism. Moreover, I want an apologetic that is true to the Christian conception of the church. No claim of virtue for the church is true to the Christian conception. The church is not an organization of good people, it is an organization of sinners. It is the only organization in human society that takes sinners into its membership just because they are sinners. It is the only organization that keeps on saying week after week, year after year, age after age, "We have done those things that we ought not to have done and left undone those things that we ought to have done." No other organized body bears in its group consciousness the weight not only of its own members' sins but of the sins of the whole social order. This is the glory of the church, its uniqueness in human society, that it lives perpetually on the vitality and realism of its own repentance, its contrition, and its plea for God's help and forgiveness. Let us not claim moral virtue for church members or for the church. Let us rather glory in the fact that the church is a society of sinners, who claim no virtue, but humbly rest their broken and burdened lives upon the grace which God has eternally revealed in Christ Jesus.

The Church as the Society of Sinners

Charles Clayton Morrison

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